

Frozen Dog

By

Col. Wm. C. Hunter



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Dedicated to
Governor F. W. HUNT
of Idaho

and
to the following friends
in Frozen Dog
with whom I have hunted,
fished, travelled
and visited:

Grizzly Pete.
Joe Kip.
Jim the Barber.
Ross Merithew.
Zuik Duke.
Billie Thomas.
Frank.
George.
Auntie Bohn.
Charlie.
Mormon Ed.
The Dillon Girls.
The Horse Camp Outfit.
Jim the Stage Driver.
Fred Page.
Judge Schultz.
Peg Johnson.
Old Webb Grubb.
Antelope Bill.
Luke the Half-Breed.
Major Jones.
The Bar O Ranch Folks.
The Girls from Steamboat
Landing.



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Frozen Dog

Idaho

Frozen Dog, Idaho (longitude W. 115°, latitude N. 46°), is in the northeastern part of Idaho county, on the Koos-koos-kie river, just south of the Clearwater mountains, just west of the Bitter Root spur of the Rockies and just east of the famous Seven Devils mountains. The altitude is 5,763 feet. The nearest railroad is 101 miles, as the crow flies.

The mountains abound in gold and copper, and in these majestic Rockies live Elk, Black Tail Deer, Grizzly, Silver Tip and Brown Bear, Mountain Lion, Bob Cats, Grey Timber Wolves, Blue Grouse, Partridges and small game galore.

The valleys are fine grazing lands, and here we find Antelope, Coyotes, Jack Rabbits, Badger, Sage Hens, and Pinnated Grouse. Here also roam wild Bronchos and Cayuse ponies.

Grizzly Pete tells about Frozen Dog in these poems. He and Joe Kip are life-long friends; they have lived in Idaho since '59.

The people in Frozen Dog are a happy people, making money easily, and enjoying life to the fullest extent.

The town is full of life. There are few laws to govern. Horse thieves are promptly lynched, and the Golden Rule is the unwritten law of the country. No stranger is asked where he came from; no one is asked his back history. Every one "tends to his own business." Men are judged by their individual worth, and a man's word is as good as his bond, and the man who doesn't "make good" is run out of the country.

Men in Frozen Dog are brothers and they help one another. They are free from deceit, strife and other ills peculiar to congested civilization. Women are respected and protected. Weak and unfortunate brothers are helped to their feet. When sickness comes there are plenty of volunteers to watch and wait on the sick one.

No one can live with these wholesome people without loving them. No one can tramp over the mountains hunting and fishing without learning to love nature.

The clear ozone one breathes makes him have better views of life and brings a glow of health to his cheeks. Here in the city with its hustle and bustle I live again the days I have spent in Idaho, and I spend many happy hours in my den looking over my trophies and recounting my trips with my faithful broncho "Pinoak."

My trips in Idaho have been medicine to me, and the time spent in that beautiful country gave me a keen pleasure that money cannot buy. I have met many interesting characters in Idaho and have many friends there.

This little work tells of my old pards, Grizzly Pete and Joe Kip, and I hope my friends may find some truths in these poems that will benefit them.

THE AUTHOR.



Kip
Grizzly Pete



Frozen Dog in Summer

A Frozen Dog Jodel



'M settin' in my cabin with my
paper on my knees,
A-dreamin' of Chicago an' the
sights a stranger sees;
I'm thinkin' of you all, an' the
fixin's and the frills,
Your queer idees of pleasure an'
your struggle payin' bills;
The hustle an' the bustle, the mad
race after wealth,
An' the terrible nervous tension
that's like to ruin health.

Joe Kip an' me is smokin' — we've hed
our ev'nin' nip —
An' we're talkin' 'bout the many things we
saw on our last trip;
The houses big as castles, with servants
chasin' 'round;
Them hacks with rubber tires that scarcely
make a sound;
The streets jest filled with people who are
busy day an' night;
State Street illuminated — one long, grand
blaze of light.



I'm wonderin' an' lookin' at Joe Kip
settin' near,
Me an' him's been pardners now for
mor'n thirty year;
His clothes ain't much to look at, his
hair is turnin' gray;
He wouldn't cut much figger in your
world so light an' gay;
But Joe Kip's heart is warmer an' his
smile is just as bright
As any 'tendin' doin's in the city world
tonight.

My kids they call him uncle, an' he calls
 me the same,
 For we're just as much like brothers as
 if we hed one name;
 Me an' him is happy, an' my love for
 him is such
 I'd pass in my chips for him an' he'd do
 jest as much.
 When death comes 'round to visit us
 an' takes one pard away,
 The one that's left alive the other's bills
 will pay.



Frozen Dog ain't got no gaslight, but I
 reckon I don't care,
 Coal oil burns good an' stiddy, an' I
 find my old arm-chair
 Is mighty soft an' restin' an' affordin'
 all the joys
 Of any in Chicago, that place of strife
 an' noise;
 An' so I'm kinder figgerin' if Chicago
 was arrayed
 'Gainst old Joe Kip an' Frozen Dog,
 why, you bet I wouldn't trade.

Smokin' an' Thinkin'



IND'S a-blowin' hard to night,
Room is warm an' fire is bright,
Settin' in my rockin' chair,
Folks abed, but I don't care
Fer I'm smokin' — an' thinkin'.

Golden Rule is mighty good,
I've tried it an' others should.
Thoughts arisin' old an' new
Come to me an' will to you
When you're smokin' — an' thinkin'.

There's a lot of happiness
Hoverin' 'round we're sure to miss
If our hearts are hard and cold
An' we forget that Rule of Gold,
I'm thinkin' — as I'm smokin'.

A kind word an' helpin' hand
Cheers a friend an' gives him sand.
Smiles beat frowns and hearts are trumps
When a fellow's in the dumps
An' smokin' — an' thinkin'.

Friends that help are friends in fact,
Talk don't count — it is the act.
Cheer your friend an' make him glad,
Make him smile when he is sad
An' smokin' — an' thinkin'.

Cruel words strike to the heart,
Love grown cold makes life depart,
Just one word may wreck a name,
Hearts of stone do not feel shame —
I'm thinkin' — as I'm smokin'.

Those most hurt cry out the least,
Hunger shows not at the feast,
Breakin' hearts make not a sound,
Search for these—they'll not come 'round,
I'm thinkin' — as I'm smokin'.

Sorrow in this world to seek
Needs strong arms to help the weak,
Work for me in shadowland
Reachin' for the upstretched hand —
I'm thinkin' — as I'm smokin'.

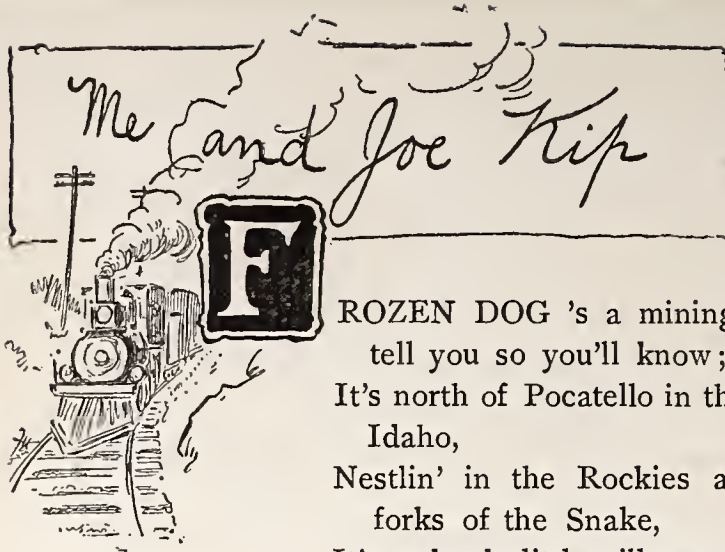
Workin' hard from morn till night,
Always keepin' in my sight
Golden Rule an' watchful eye,
Always listenin' for a sigh —
I'm thinkin' — as I'm smokin'.

Livin' a quiet kind o' life
With my kids an' my dear wife,
Live for them an' they for me,
We're as happy as can be,
I'm thinkin' — as I'm smokin'.

Always tried to be a friend,
An' I hope that at the end
Those who knew me best will say
Golden Rule is sure to pay —
I'm thinkin' — as I'm smokin'.

Winds a-dyin' soft and light,
Fire no longer burnin' bright,
Dreamin' in my rockin' chair,
Twelve o'clock, I do declare,
An' I've been smokin' — an' thinkin'.



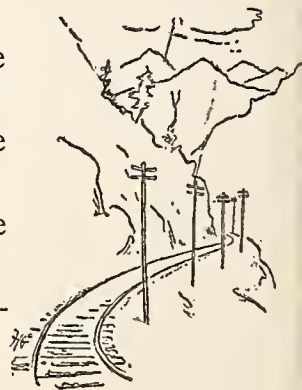


ROZEN DOG 's a mining town, I'll
 tell you so you'll know;
 It's north of Pocatello in the State of
 Idaho,
 Nestlin' in the Rockies at the two
 forks of the Snake,
 It's a dandy little village an' you bet
 it's wide awake.

Me an' Joe Kip run that town; our word is
 always law;
 We can use our shootin' irons the best you
 ever saw;
 Joe Kip, he owns the Mountain Home, the
 Howling Wolf is mine,
 An' me an' Joe together own the Old Cinch
 Copper Mine.

Last year we went to Boston to get financial
 aid,
 To help us build a railroad to benefit our
 trade;
 Saw Wetherald, an' Stevens, an' Charley
 Taylor, too,
 They chipped in eagerly, you bet, to see the
 project through.

Frozen Dog an' Rocky Mountain is the
 railroad's name,
 Sounds a little hifalutin, but — it gets there
 just the same;
 It cost us sixty thousand, and Boston gave
 the glue;
 Me an' Joe worked politics an' got the fran-
 chise through.



Wetherald is President, and Stevens G. P. A.,
 Taylor is the Treasurer an' has the bills to
 pay;
 Joe Kip is Superintendent, the Manager is
 me,
 It's as cinch a combination as ever you did
 see.

A million mortgage bonds and stocks is
 each one's little share,
 Joe Kip, he throws his old chest 'out an'
 walks upon thin air;
 He painted up the Mountain Home, an'
 bought a brand new organ,
 And feels just like a Vanderbilt, or Car-
 negie, or Morgan.



I take my fun in traveling; with Wetherald
 I went
 Across the briny ocean deep to see the
 orient.
 The big bugs come to see us, an' each one
 wants to know
 If we'll invest their money for them out in
 Idaho.

They talk about our Frozen Dog, an' Griz-
 zly Pete an' Joe,
 An' Howling Wolf and Mountain Home
 an' how we got our dough;
 Stevens an' Taylor, so they say, must have
 fixed the Press;
 If you think we ar'n't just in it you've got
 another guess.



The railroad is a boomin', an' we're makin'
 money fast;
 We'll each be worth ten million if these good
 times only last;
 But somehow, here in Paris, I find myself
 a-wishin'
 For them hearty old-time days again, when
 me and Joe went fishin'.

When me an' Joe were hustlin', an' thinkin'
 not of gain,
 Helpin' one another, sharin' joy and pain.
 We didn't have to worry an' didn't have a
 care,
 An' never thought of such a thing as bein'
 a millionaire.

Somehow I don't just feel the same as I
 expected to,
 When I had lots of money an' not a thing
 to do;
 'Tain't cash that brings the happiness; I
 wonder why it's so?
 I never had such happy days as I used to
 have with Joe.

Lazy Fishin' Days



IN'T got no time fer foolin' — Joe
Kip is at the gate
With a little willer basket an' grub
an' lines an' bait.
The sun is jest a risin', the lake is
mighty fine,
An' all the fish are bitin' an' waitin'
fer my line.

Squirrels an' chipmunks chatterin' watchin'
me have fun,
Woodchuck peekin' from its nest, blinkin'
in the sun,
Bob-o'link an' bluejays laughin' in the trees,
Little waves a dancin', playing with the
breeze.



The Katydids a singin' in all the trees
aroun',
They like to see me watchin' the bobber
cork go down.
Perch and croppie bitin', an' bass a-nib-
blin' too.
Won't have to lie 'bout fishin', fer I'm sure
to catch a few.

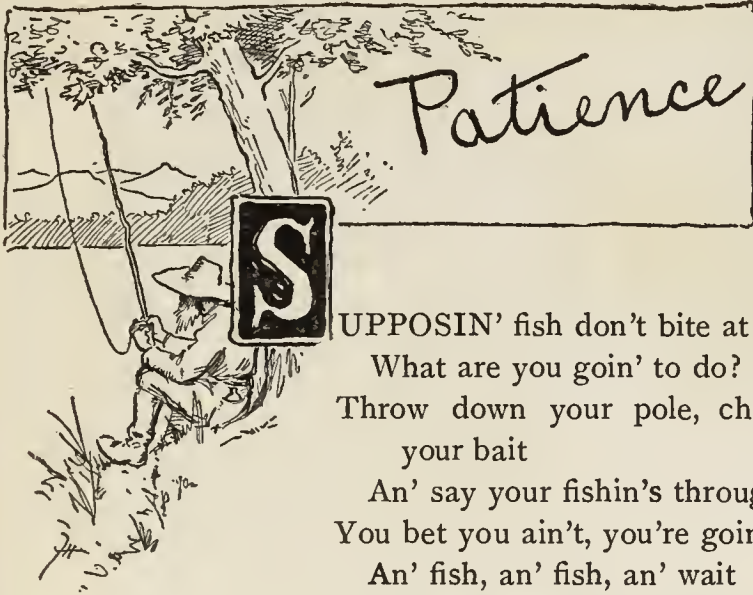


The angle worm is temptin' — pike a-play-
in' low,
He's tryin' to play foxy — I'm goin' to get
him, though.
Shake the bait a little so as jest to tease,
Soon old pike will flip-flop under them oak
trees.

Mighty pleasin' sport, you bet —
sittin' on a rock,
Beats a store or office an' workin'
by a clock.
Clears away the cobwebs from your
weary brain;
Gives you inspiration, an' you're
a man again.



There's no medicine I know for
the appetite,
Like a summer mornin', waitin' fer
a bite.
Lazy summer days are here—ain't
you kind o' wishin'
That you had your old clothes on,
settin' here a fishin'?



SUPPOSIN' fish don't bite at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw down your pole, chuck out
your bait
An' say your fishin's through?
You bet you ain't, you're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketched a basketful
An' used up all your bait.

Suppose success don't come at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw up the sponge an' kick yourself,
An' growl, an' fret, an' stew?
You bet you ain't, you're goin' to fish,
An' bait, an' bait again,
Until success will bite your hook,
For grit is sure to win.

Leavin' Home



I AM risin', Mr. Chairman, to make
you understand
This farewell demonstration jest takes
away my sand;
My stuff is packed to leave you, all
ready for to go.
My heart is jest a jumpin' for sorrow,
don't you know.

Been livin' here among you for more
than thirty year,
Minin' gold, an' fishin' trout, an' hunt-
in' bear and deer.
Our sunshine is the brightest, an'
hearts are all in tune,
An' life's as sweet in winter time the
same as it was June.

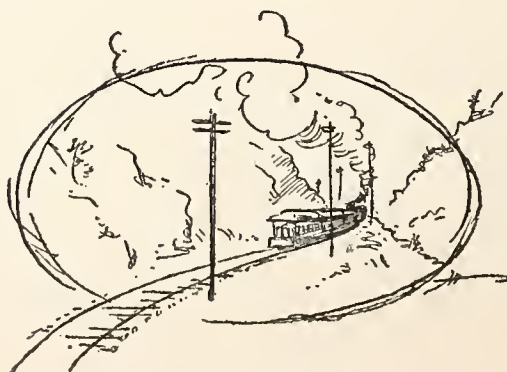


When thinkin' 'bout this partin' it
gives me lots of pain,
My eyes fill up with water like rivers
swelled with rain.
My laugh an' smile ain't honest; my
jokes are feeble, too;
My heart is sad an' heavy no matter
what I do.

This afternoon my old pard Joe was
all broke up, I know;
He said it was the weather that had
affect' him so.
My throat seemed jest like bustin', my
eyes felt mighty queer,
Look jest like it was rainin' 'bout
twenty mile from here.



I can't express jest how I feel your
little acts of love,
An' little deeds of kindness as I'm
about to move
From Frozen Dog an' Mountain Home,
an' dear old partner Joe
Ain't got no way of *sayin'* — good-bye
to Idaho.



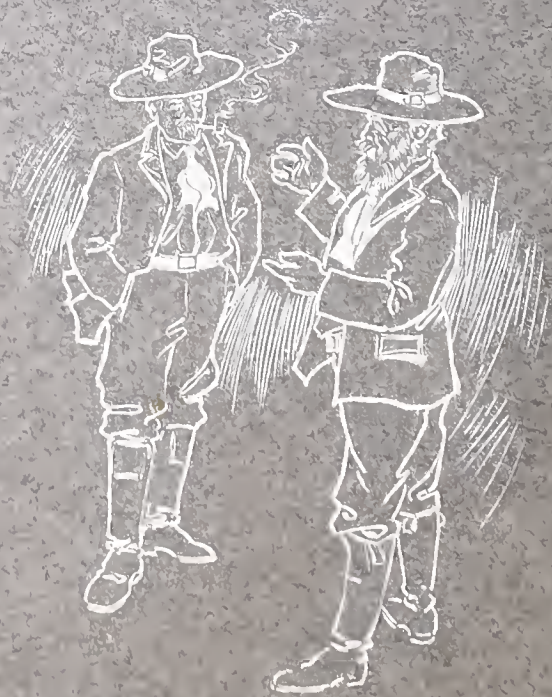
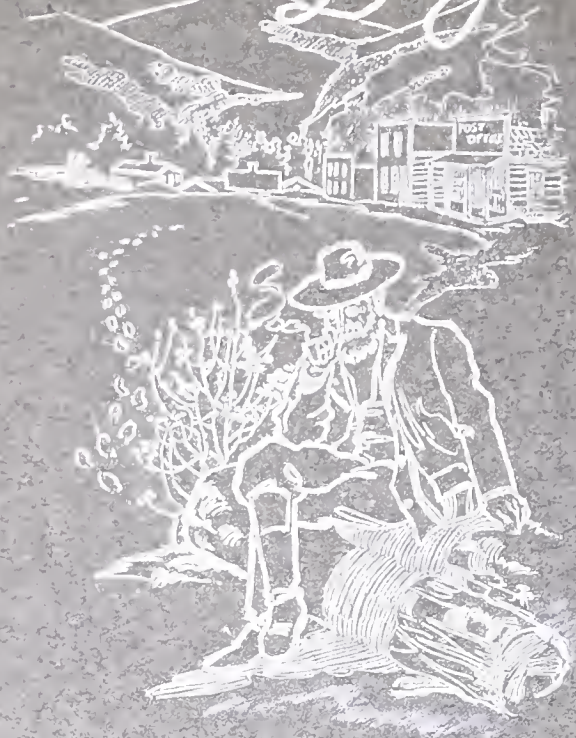


Frozen Dog in Winter



PRESS OF
HOLLISTER BROTHERS
CHICAGO

Frozen Dog



By Col. Wm. C.
Hunter